The day be ours or no:
For yet a many of your French do keep the field.
Hera. The day is yours.
Kin. Praiſed be God therefore.
What Caſtle call you that?
Hera. We call it *Agincourt.*
Kin. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt.*
Fought on the day of *Cryſpin, Cryſpin.*
Flew. Your grandfather of famous memorie,
If your grace be remembred,
Is do good ſeruice in *France.*
Kin. Tis true *Flewellen.*
Flew. Your Maieſtie ſayes verie true.
And it pleaſe your Maieſtie,
The Wealchmen there was do good ſeruice,
In a garden where Leekes did grow.
And I thinke your Maieſtie wil take no ſcorne,
To weare a Leake in your cap vpon S. *Danies* day.
Kin. No *Flewellen,* for I am wealch as well as you.
Flew. All the water in *VVye* wil not waſh your wealch
Blood out of you, God keep it, and preſerue it,
To his graces will and pleaſure.
Kin. Thankes good countryman.
Flew. By Ieſus I am your Maieſties countryman:
I care not who know it, ſo long as your maieſty is an honeſt (man.
K. God keep me ſo. Our Herald go with him,
And bring vs the number of the ſcattred French.

Exit Heralds.

Call yonder ſouldier hither.
Flew. You fellow come to the king.
Kin. Fellow why dooſt thou weare that gloue in thy hat?
Soul. And pleaſe your maieſtie, tis a raſcals that ſwagard
With me the other day: and he hath one of mine,
Which if euer I ſee, I haue ſworne to ſtrike him.

So

So hath he ſworne the like to me.
K. How think you *Flewellen,* is it lawfull he keep his oa
Fl. And it pleaſe your maieſty, tis lawful he keep his vo
If he be periur'd once, he is as arrant a beggerly knaue,
As treads vpon too blacke ſhues.
Kin. His enemy may be a gentleman of worth.
Flew. And if he be as good a gentleman as Lucifer
And Belzebub, and the diuel himſelfe,
Tis meete he keepe his vowe.
Kin. Well ſirrha keep your word.
Vnder what Captain ſerueſt thou?
Soul. Vnder Captaine *Gower.*
Flew. Captaine *Gower* is a good Captaine
And hath good litrature in the warres.
Kin. Go call him hither.
Soul. I will my Lord.

Exit ſouldie

Kin. Captain *Flewellen,* when *Alonſon* and I was
Downe together, *I* tooke this gloue off from his helmet,
Here *Flewellen,* weare it. *If* any do challenge it,
He is a friend of *Alonſons,*
And an enemy to mee.
Fle. Your maieſtie doth me as great a fauour
As can be deſired in the harts of his ſubiects.
I would ſee that man now that ſhould chalenge this glou
And it pleaſe God of his grace, *I* would but ſee him,
That is all.
Kin. Flewellen knowſt thou Captaine *Gower?*
Fle. Captaine *Gower* is my friend.
And if it like your maieſtie, *I* know him very well.
Kin. Go call him hither.
Flew. *I* will and it ſhall pleaſe your maieſtie.
Kin. Follow *Flewellen* cloſely at the heeles,
The gloue he weares, it was the ſouldiers: